

## The Marble Hill Press.

Hill & Chandler, Publishers.

MARBLE HILL, MISSOURI

Dignity always begins where boasting ends.

A pessimist is a person who believes that whatever is is wrong.

When the state of Mississippi gets soaked she makes a thorough job of it.

A man wisely makes use of the present when he sells a duplicate wedding gift.

The woman who marries a block-head doesn't care to celebrate her wedding.

The employer who works harder than his clerk evidently believes in the force of example.

Naturally, the United States senate is in favor of electing itself in the old-fashioned manner.

Grace will ever speak for itself and be fruitful in well-doing; the sanctified cross is a fruitful tree.

The Boers would be sure to regard the recall of Buller as in the nature of taking a mean advantage.

The South African war appears to have got its "second wind"; at least the generals down there are making a windy time of it.

Affection is the confession of inferiority. It is an unconscious admission that the individual is not living the life he pretends to live.

Some idea of the American exports to Australia can be gained from the inventory of a cargo recently shipped from New York. It contained 5,000 packages of sewing machines, 1,100 tons of paper, many organs and pianos, 8,000 cases of canned meats, 111 trucks for trolley cars, wagons, buggies, wheels, axles, barbed wire, typewriters, windmills, 1,100 tons of iron pipe, leather, shoes and dry goods.

Pedro Paterno, head of the Filipino national assembly, has been captured by the American troops, and General Oda's dispatch thoughtfully adds that he was too sick to escape when the troops pursued him. Senator Paterno should not go unwarded for his consideration in this permitting himself to be surrounded. If Aguinaldo would be kind enough to break a leg or contract a fever he might yet be captured, but it appears to be impossible for General Oda to overtake any of the Filipino leaders while they retain good health and active limbs.

Among other features of the South African war the new developments in the use of the heliograph are worth noting. The idea of telegraphing by means of flashes of sunlight first came into prominence during the Franco-Prussian war. The electric light was at once suggested as the system independent of interference from clouds, but the difficulty of getting electricity in the field has thus far interfered with a successful combination of the two inventions. In the present war the British have made some use of the electric searchlights from their ships for purposes of optical telegraph, but sunlight is still their main reliance. A writer in the Engineering Magazine for May states that the ordinary range of the heliograph is fifty-five miles, but when the electric light is used the range can be extended to 400 miles. The success with which the heliograph was used in communicating with the beleaguered garrisons of Ladysmith and Kimberley is a good demonstration of the progress made with this invention since 1870.

The engineering world of Europe has not, it is said, recovered from the surprise at the remarkable performance at Antwerp of a big dredge-boat constructed in Belgium for the Russian government on plans prepared by an American engineer, a Chicagoan. Under the contract the boat was to have a capacity of 1,600 cubic yards of dredging per hour. She recorded a capacity of 1,800 yards on trial. So great was the interest in the trial that most of the foreign ambassadors were present, the Belgian cabinet, commissions from Australia, India, Germany, France, the Argentine Republic and hundreds of engineers from all parts of Europe. Trains were run at reduced rates to accommodate the people eager to see the American dredge, the most powerful in the world, and for six weeks boats were kept running at Antwerp to carry visitors to the point of operation. The immediate effect has been to cause orders to be placed for similar dredges for India, Australia and Russia. The facts were reported to the state department by Consul General Holloway at St. Petersburg.

The men who manage the affairs of corporations are the only source from whom any information as to their condition can be had. That was well enough in the day of small things. It will not answer now, when the stocks of corporations are so extensively traded in and figure so largely in the wealth of the country. Better facilities for obtaining accurate information of the actual condition of corporations must be provided than those which exist now. There must be more publicity.

Admirers of the Chicago ball club will doubtless be delighted to note that the team is showing much more dash, decision and determination this year than last season. The club is already in seventh position, while it took no less than four months to tumble to the same spot in 1899.

What dupes we are of our own desires. Destiny has two ways of crushing us—by refusing our wishes and by fulfilling them. But he who only wills what God wills escapes both catastrophes.

All Paris is laughing over a recent duel, in which one of the principals, declaring that he did not wish to hurt his rival, fired to one side and killed the surgeon who had come to attend the fighters. The Parisian idea of a farce-comedy is apparently something too deep and intricate for the American mind to fully grasp.

Richard Croker is reported from England to be "very sick." This must be a mistake. Such a devoted Anglophile would not be so piteous as to get sick. He is probably ill.

## DEMOCRATIC LETTER.

DISHONESTY AND EXTRAVAGANCE OF MCKINLEYISM.

How Army Officers are Permitted to Draw Double Pay in Violation of the Constitution of the United States—Military Running Mad.

(Washington Correspondence.) The American people have just been given a new object lesson in the dishonesty and extravagance encouraged by this administration. It comes to light that the American army officers, occupying administrative positions in Cuba, have been drawing enormous perquisites from Cuban revenues in addition to their regular salaries.

This has been done by the connivance of the war department, and Secretary Root tries to justify it by saying that the officers needed the money in order to live in proper style in Cuba.

There is a law which prohibits an officer of the army or navy drawing more than one salary, and that, his pay as an officer, but the administration allows the extras as a sort of "bonus," and is trying to hide behind the technicality that it comes from the Cuban revenues and not those of the United States.

It is said that the governor's palace in Havana has been refitted and furnished in truly imperial style, and the Cubans are being given the object lesson of American extravagance which completely overshadows the expenditures of Spanish officials in the old days.

Congress may investigate the matter, but the majority are already trying to explain that they didn't know it was going on, and even if it was there was justification. The trouble is that the Republicans are accumulating altogether too many things which will excite popular indignation. The people would prefer a policy which omitted such mistakes.

In the case of Porto Rico the double salary and bonus for cost of official living is about to be inaugurated, and the President took the precaution to send a message to congress asking that the military officers be permitted to perform civil functions while the administration is trying to make a selection of office holders from the mob of carpet-baggers who surround the White House.

The message, of course, neglected to state that the double salaries would be paid, but that will be the case if Mr. McKinley's congress approves his recommendation—and it probably will.

The Porto Rican government bill was very carefully drawn. It suspended the old courts and made no provisions for the establishment of new ones, and provided no definite time when the new civil government should go into effect. It included, however, a provision which would allow the administration to suspend the franchise without let or hindrance. The Republicans are discussing some amendment in this respect—which will give out the franchise privileges just the same but not quite so openly.

The message is to be instituted with all the pagantry and pomp and splendor with which Rome was accustomed to install procurators in conquered territory.

Presumably the administration wants to impress both the Porto Ricans and the Americans with the fact that imperialism is now an accomplished fact and not a theory.

The "carpet-baggers" are rather disappointed that there are not enough Porto Rican plums to fill all the hungry mouths, but the administration is soothing them with promises of still bigger plums in the Philippines when that troublesome "insurrection" is quelled and the cowed natives are ready to be plundered without protest.

Congress is being asked to lavish money on the navy in all sorts of ways. The armor plate factories want a free hand to charge \$545 per ton, or any other price they please, for armor plate, though it has been proved that the very best Krupp plate could be manufactured in the government works for about \$200 a ton. It really doesn't make much difference how the bill is amended, the war department officials propose to give the armor plate combine whatever price they desire.

The naval bill asks for \$15,000,000 more than the navy wanted for the navy in any preceding year. Battle ships are being built faster than officers are educated to man them. Through the present bill asks the outrageous sum of six millions of dollars under the pretense that this sum is needed to build the fleet at Manila.

The fact is that it is wanted to furnish luxurious quarters so that the cadets will be trained for the sumptuous living already provided for officers on the battle ships.

Chairman Hepburn of the house committee on interstate and foreign commerce announces that the Nicaragua Canal bill will be ready for consideration on May 1.

The bill which is now proposed gives the United States the distinguished privilege of dragging a canal, but there is neither "fortify" or "defend" clause in it.

The administration henchmen blandly explain that Great Britain already feels rather offended over the shelving of the Hay-Panama treaty and it will be as well to irritate her by suggesting that this country will defend the canal, suggesting that this country will fortify the canal. In fact these Pro-British Republicans have the audacity to recommend that the canal be built first, and when it is finished—say six or seven years from now—the question of fortification might be taken up. Sentiment among the Republicans is pretty well divided over the measure, but even if it passes the house it will be torn to tatters in the senate. The senate Republicans have discretion enough left to know that they are well wadded with more than enough of the administration's friendship with Great Britain, and that it will be wise not to add any more fuel to this particular flame.

It is all a part of the administration's policy of unlimited extravagance in the use of the public purse, and to pile up an immense surplus in the treasury. The Republican party can find plenty of ways of spending it if only the people will return it to power for another four years.

It would be, perhaps, of some campaign advantage to reduce the taxes in certain districts, but the enormous expenditures in every direction must be partly compensated by a portion of these heavy taxes, and it is regarded as too delicate a matter to make a partial reduction. So the people are to bear the taxes, in time of peace, as long as the Republicans have the power to continue the extortion.

## JEFFERSONIAN EXPANSION.

In his great speech in the United States Senate in opposition to the McKinley Philippine policy, Senator Hoar of Massachusetts, explained the expansion of this nation, territorially, under Thomas Jefferson, in such a clear and convincing manner, that a man but an unthinking one or an untrustworthy Republican politician can stretch it over to cover the "criminal aggression" of William McKinley.

Speaking of the broad scope of the Declaration of Independence, the senator said:

"There is expansion enough in it, but it is the expansion of freedom and not of despotism; of life, not of death. Never was such growth in all human history as that from the seed Thomas Jefferson planted. The parable of the mustard seed, then, which, as Edward Everett said, the burning pen of immortal Lincoln, the torch of freedom, for a millennium, can find nothing more appropriate or expressive to which to liken the Kingdom of God," he repeated again.

"Whereunto shall we liken it, or with what comparison shall we compare it? It is like a grain of mustard seed, which, when it is sown in the earth, is less than all the seeds that be in the earth."

"But when it is sown, it grows up, and becomes greater than all the herbs, and shooteth out great branches, so that the fowls of the air may lodge under the shadow of it."

THOMAS JEFFERSON. IT HAS COVERED THE CONTINENT. IT HAS SAVED SOUTH AMERICA. IT IS REVOLUTIONIZING EUROPE. IT IS THE EXPANSION OF FREEDOM. IT DIFFERS FROM YOUR TINSSEL, MCKINLEY, IN THAT IT IS THE GROWTH OF A HEALTHY YOUTH INTO A STRONG MAN DIFFERS FROM THE EXPANSION OF AN ANACONDA WHEN HE SWALLOWS HIS VICTIM. OURS IS THE EXPANSION OF THOMAS JEFFERSON. YOURS IS THE EXPANSION OF A BUREAU. IT IS DESTINED TO AS SHORT A LIFE AND TO A LIKE FATE.

Until within two years the American people have been wont to appeal to the Declaration of Independence as the foremost state paper in history. As the years roll round the Fourth of July has been celebrated wherever Americans could gather together at home or abroad. To have signed it, to an American, was better than a title of nobility. It was no passionate utterance of a hasty enthusiasm.

There was nothing of the radical in it; nothing of Rousseau; nothing of the French Revolution. It was the sober utterance of the soberest generation that ever lived. It was the declaration of a religious and moral principle, and it was the declaration of the most religious period of their history. It was a declaration not merely of rights but of duties. It was an act of revolution, but of a different kind. It was the earnest, the foundation of a great national edifice wherein the American people were to dwell forevermore. The language was the language of Thomas Jefferson. But the thought of every one of his associates.

As the Christian religion was rested by its author on two sublime commandments on which hang all the law and the prophets, so these men rested republican liberty on two sublime virtues on which it must stand, if it can stand at all; in which it must live or bear no life. One was the equality of men, and the other was the equality of political rights. The other is that you are now seeking to overthrow—the right of every people to institute their own government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to promote their happiness and so to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them. Equality of individual manhood and equality of individual states. This is the doctrine which the Republican party is now urged to deny.

A Republic Cannot Govern Colonies. It will be a sad thing for the country, it will be a sad thing for man kind, if the people of the United States come to abandon the principles which they have given it. It is a hard strain in our dealing with the negro at the South. We are giving it a hard strain in our dealing with the great problem of immigration. But it cannot stand if this country undertake also to exercise dominion over conquered islands, over vanquished peoples, over subject races, in addition to the differences of race and the differences of education we attempt to govern great masses of people, aliens in birth, strange language, of different religions. If we do it, our spirit will not, I am afraid—God grant that I may be wrong—the American spirit will not enter into and possess them, but their spirit will enter into and possess us.

An aristocracy or a monarchy may govern subject states, it never was and never will be done successfully by a democracy or a republic. Senator George F. Hoar, Massachusetts.

The Constitution is Supreme. An arbitrary government may have territorial governments in distant possessions because an arbitrary government may rule its distant territories by different laws and different systems. Russia may govern the Ukraine and the Caucasus and Kamchatka by different codes or ukases. We can do no such thing. They must be part of us—part of us as we are. I think I see, in progress, that it is to disfigure and deform the constitution. . . . I think I see a course adopted that is likely to turn the constitution under which we live into a deformed monster—into a curse rather than a blessing to the people.

It is a curious example of the power of tradition and a party name. George F. Hoar, in point of learning, character and public service, stands at the very head of American public men. But, in spite of his convictions, party spirit controls him. Washington's warning can have little weight with ordinary politicians when men like Hoar disregard it.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Did He Have to Change His Mind. Perhaps Mr. Grover's statement that the president "had not substantially changed his mind from a free trade standpoint" toward Puerto Rico was correct so far as McKinley is concerned. He didn't have to change his mind. The sugar and tobacco trusts relieved him of that effort.—Port Worth Register.

## KING DON.

A STORY OF MILITARY LIFE IN INDIA.

—BY MAJOR ALLAN—

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

The Indian now, with a savage grasp on Don's throat, had plucked him against the wall, and Don, unable to utter a sound, was fighting desperately with his hand for dear life. Then, as through a thick mist, he saw Lillie's sweet face near him, convulsed with anguish, and terrified efforts forcing forward. A great lurch of the vessel blotted out the rest. Locked in his antagonist's ruthless embrace, he felt himself whirling backwards into the boiling sea and the waters closing over him.

Instantly the captain's voice came ringing out in quick command: "Sentry, let go the lifeboat! Bosun's mate, call away the lifeboat crew!"

Quick as the order, it was obeyed. The great ship was swiftly heeled. But what agony of heart was every second of delay to the paralyzed young bride!

Officers and men had now gathered on the scene, scanning the choppy sea with telescopes and speaking in tense, awed tones as they watched the gallant cutter straining might and main to reach those black specks which rose so often to the surface only to disappear. Little stood apart, speechless, almost sightless, in that wild endeavor to peer through the gloom of night, while the remorseless deep was lit up with a spectral terror by the lurid light with which the lifeboat was charged. Once the ship's surgeon went to her side and begged to take her below. She only shook her head. She was past speaking now.

At last! at last! A thrill of excitement passed from lip to lip. The lookout man on the mizen-mast had detected the rescue of both the drowning men—alive or dead, who could tell?

Impatience to know the worst was checked as the boat came alongside, in deference to the young wife, who stood in their midst waiting—waiting for what?

She followed blindly as they bore Don's prostrate form to his cabin and laid him on his couch. The seaman was dead. Had Don, too, passed away across the mystic ocean, whence the voyager no more returns?

In the weird lamplight that still, unconscious face looked indeed as if it already bore the stamp of death; and, with a despair terrible in its calmness, she turned from doctor to steward while they unfastened coat and vest and laid bare the ghastly wound and its streaming blood.

"Tell me," she said, "is he dead?" On what a whole history of pain and passion lay that brief question!

The doctor looked the sympathy he felt. He was a bluff, stolid Scotchman, injured to scenes of sorrow and suffering, but there was something in that pathetic picture of the strong young man struck down in his prime, and the lovely girl wife in her uncomplaining strength of endurance that touched him intimately.

"He is not dead," he answered. "Be assured I will do everything that is possible to save him," he added cheerily, as his busy fingers sped at his work.

She stood aside in breathless excitement. "This is a nasty wound," he spoke at last; "but fortunately the salt water has washed the bleeding. It is after effects I am more afraid of, should like to get two trained nurses, who happen to be on board, to undertake the case. They are very clever. I could thoroughly rely on them."

For an instance there was tense silence. "Could you not rely on myself for one?" was the answer which faltered through her parched lips.

"Are you strong enough?" he queried kindly. "If it is a matter of expense, I think you will find I will arrange—"

She interrupted him with a little gesture almost of scorn. All her life she had known nothing of the alms of a mockery to her to mention expense in conjunction with her love and Don's life.

"Spare nothing—nothing that money can buy!" she spoke breathlessly.

The doctor paused to take her small wrist between his finger and thumb and calmly count her throbbing pulse.

"We'll make a compromise," said he soothingly. "You shall relieve my nurses from duty now and then; but you must remember his life depends on constant care night and day."

That settled the question definitely, and Lillie allowed herself to be led away to partake of a strong cup of tea and some refreshment to her for the long hours of watching which lay before her, as she insisted on the nurse not being summoned at least till morning, as the doctor himself meant to be in close attendance on his patient at night. In his heart he deeply pitied the fair young bride, who evidently loved so deeply the stalwart bridegroom stricken down to the very gates of death.

Yes, Lillie loved Don, even as she had never loved him till now. It was not until he lay before her thus, in the extremity of helplessness, still, pride and pity both forgotten, and nothing but infinite tenderness filling her soul, she realized the depth of that love, "strong as death," which could forgive, even as Christ forgave, and rest on the atonement of the Redeemer alone. She watched by his pillow while the long night dragged on, and he still lay unconscious, motionless, almost breathless.

She shed no tears, but now and then she prayed—prayed as perhaps she had never prayed before. Sometimes she put her fingers on his pulse to feel if it still beat; and so she waited, waiting, while the doctor came in and out, expecting every moment that change which did not come, but which must come at last.

It came when the wild night was waning towards daybreak, with a quickening of the languid pulse and the faintest glimmer of color to the pallid cheek. She stooped over him, believing, with all a novice's delightful hope, that these signs were signs of improvement, and that the dawn of life was at hand. She felt his pulse, and it beat faster, and faster, and suddenly he started up and looked at her with strange wildness in his eyes.

CHAPTER X.

Days, many days, went by, and still Don lay in the same state. Sometimes shivering, sometimes burning with fever, sometimes slumbering in the deepest torpor; often wakefully alert with the activity of a distraught mind, wandering back to scenes and times of which his watchers knew nothing—even back to days of early boyhood, when he and Roddy had fished together in Gledie's silvery stream, and never dreamed of jealousy or severance in years to come.

By and by, as the days lengthened into weeks, there came lucid intervals, and when he awoke weak and well-nigh speechless, but perfectly conscious of his surroundings. And at those times Lillie changed to be his nurse he would lie and gaze upon her with a look of dog-like devotion in his great brown eyes, often even try to utter some feeble words of gratitude or contrition. For a while there was hope, even as he strove to speak that hope, oblivion would return and blot out past and present alike.

And meanwhile Lillie watched by him and waited upon him with a jealous steadfastness that scarce could brook to share her vigils with his other nurses—who they could minister to the sufferer's wants perhaps more efficiently than Lillie's self, but could not experience one of the young wife's bitter joy which made every little duty an act of devotion.

For she saw his strength ebbing hour by hour as the fever worked out its course. She saw his wanderings become more frequent, those fatal torpor moments prolonged, and those moments of weak consciousness fewer and fewer. And gradually, but all too surely, the awful fear began to dawn upon her that Don and she were to be called upon by a decree more relentless than hers. Yet, oh, it could not be that he should die—die and leave her thus, without knowing she had come to realize her life as bound up in his for time and for eternity! That his sin must be her sin, and its atonement hers also as well as his!

Who shall gauge the bitterness of those pleadings which burst from her when she thought through those long vigils of waiting? For it was the unknown God alone. There came a night at last, as they neared the white cliffs of England, that after continuous hours of fitful slumber Don opened his eyes and fixed them upon her face. It was approaching the hour when she usually relinquished her post to the nurse, and she was kneeling by his side in silent prayer, her cheek resting upon his pillow, her locked hands leaning gently on his breast.

A strange reluctance to leave him had fallen upon her, and more than once she had passionately pressed her lips to the short, silky brown curls about his temples.

"Lillie," he spoke wistfully. "It was barely above a whisper, but she heard it with a great bound of her beating heart, for she knew this was real consciousness at last."

"Lillie," he repeated faintly, so faintly that she had to stoop close to his lips to catch the words, "where are we now?"

"We are very nearly home. In a few hours we shall be in the Solent."

She was astonished that he manifested no surprise. It was as if his active brain had been speeding onward with the ship's throbbing engines; as if he, too, while his fragile harque draped towards the unknown shore, had been dimly conscious of the glaze of time and space.

"Lillie," he spoke again, with labored difficulty, "when we reach Southampton will you wire to Roddy and Di to come to me?"

Hot tears welled up into her eyes and fell upon the wasted hand he strove to lift and lay on hers.

"We will go over to the Isle of Wight to him. Wouldn't that be better, Don?"

"If you will not mind the trouble," he said, with all the trustful dependence of a little child. And then suddenly, with fluttering breath, he spoke again, so faintly she could scarcely hear. "I dream just now you kissed me. Lillie, would you promise not to leave me till the end?"

She broke down then, and flung herself upon his breast.

"Oh, Don! Don! Don't you understand? I will never leave you—never, never!" she cried.

His fingers closed upon hers with a feeble pressure and a look almost of rapture swept his face. Then, still holding her hand, he fell asleep.

(To be continued.)

Moving the Great Obelisk. The work of moving the great Egyptian obelisk from Alexandria to New York was managed by Commodore H. H. Gorringe, U. S. N. The officer reached Alexandria October 16, 1878, and at once began work with 100 Arabs. The machinery for lowering the obelisk was then attached, and the block was laid in a horizontal position. The obelisk was then removed to the wharf and upon the steamer waiting for it, by means of the cannon balls rolling in metal grooves.

The steamer bearing the freight left Alexandria, June 12, 1880, and arrived at Staten Island July 20. The iron tracks and cannon balls were adjusted after some delay and on these the obelisk was unloaded September 16. Next the rise and fall of the tide was used to float it up the North river, and land it at the foot of Ninety-sixth street, where it was moved by steam power on tracks with rollers.

The Col's revolver is probably one of the descendants of the old-style horse pistol.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

"I will go! I will go!" he cried. "But you will believe me?"

She sprang up and threw her arms about his neck, uttering incoherent words of love and passion; but he had fallen back on his pillow, painfully drenched with sweat, and his breath came in hot gasps.

"She will not kiss me! My darling will not kiss me! Never again!" he moaned. "What was it she said? 'All that is over now. How can I ever forget what has broken my heart?'"

The words died away in a sobbing whisper, and the doctor, coming back at that moment, found him thus, tossing restlessly from side to side, unconscious still, but actively unconscious with the frenzy racking his brain.

CHAPTER X.

Days, many days, went by, and still Don lay in the same state. Sometimes shivering, sometimes burning with fever, sometimes slumbering in the deepest torpor; often wakefully alert with the activity of a distraught mind, wandering back to scenes and times of which his watchers knew nothing—even back to days of early boyhood, when he and Roddy had fished together in Gledie's silvery stream, and never dreamed of jealousy or severance in years to come.

By and by, as the days lengthened into weeks, there came lucid intervals, and when he awoke weak and well-nigh speechless, but perfectly conscious of his surroundings. And at those times Lillie changed to be his nurse he would lie and gaze upon her with a look of dog-like devotion in his great brown eyes, often even try to utter some feeble words of gratitude or contrition. For a while there was hope, even as he strove to speak that hope, oblivion would return and blot out past and present alike.

And meanwhile Lillie watched by him and waited upon him with a jealous steadfastness that scarce could brook to share her vigils with his other nurses—who they could minister to the sufferer's wants perhaps more efficiently than Lillie's self, but could not experience one of the young wife's bitter joy which made every little duty an act of devotion.

For she saw his strength ebbing hour by hour as the fever worked out its course. She saw his wanderings become more frequent, those fatal torpor moments prolonged, and those moments of weak consciousness fewer and fewer. And gradually, but all too surely, the awful fear began to dawn upon her that Don and she were to be called upon by a decree more relentless than hers. Yet, oh, it could not be that he should die—die and leave her thus, without knowing she had come to realize her life as bound up in his for time and for eternity! That his sin must be her sin, and its atonement hers also as well as his!

Who shall gauge the bitterness of those pleadings which burst from her when she thought through those long vigils of waiting? For it was the unknown God alone. There came a night at last, as they neared the white cliffs of England, that after continuous hours of fitful slumber Don opened his eyes and fixed them upon her face. It was approaching the hour when she usually relinquished her post to the nurse, and she was kneeling by his side in silent prayer, her cheek resting upon his pillow, her locked hands leaning gently on his breast.

A strange reluctance to leave him had fallen upon her, and more than once she had passionately pressed her lips to the short, silky brown curls about his temples.

"Lillie," he spoke wistfully. "It was barely above a whisper, but she heard it with a great bound of her beating heart, for she knew this was real consciousness at last."

"Lillie," he repeated faintly, so faintly that she had to stoop close to his lips to catch the words, "where are we now?"

"We are very nearly home. In a few hours we shall be in the Solent."

She was astonished that he manifested no surprise. It was as if his active brain had been speeding onward with the ship's throbbing engines; as if he, too, while his fragile harque draped towards the unknown shore, had been dimly conscious of the glaze of time and space.

"Lillie," he spoke again, with labored difficulty, "when we reach Southampton will you wire to Roddy and Di to come to me?"

Hot tears welled up into her eyes and fell upon the wasted hand he strove to lift and lay on hers.

"We will go over to the Isle of Wight to him. Wouldn't that be better, Don?"

"If you will not mind the trouble," he said, with all the trustful dependence of a little child. And then suddenly, with fluttering breath, he spoke again, so faintly she could scarcely hear. "I dream just now you kissed me. Lillie, would you promise not to leave me till the end?"

She broke down then, and flung herself upon his breast.

"Oh, Don! Don! Don't you understand? I will never leave you—never, never!" she cried.

His fingers closed upon hers with a feeble pressure and a look almost of rapture swept his face. Then, still holding her hand, he fell asleep.

(To be continued.)

Moving the Great Obelisk. The work of moving the great Egyptian obelisk from Alexandria to New York was managed by Commodore H. H. Gorringe, U. S. N. The officer reached Alexandria October 16, 1878, and at once began work with 100 Arabs. The machinery for lowering the obelisk was then attached, and the block was laid in a horizontal position. The obelisk was then removed to the wharf and upon the steamer waiting for it, by means of the cannon balls rolling in metal grooves.

The steamer bearing the freight left Alexandria, June 12, 1880, and arrived at Staten Island July 20. The iron tracks and cannon balls were adjusted after some delay and on these the obelisk was unloaded September 16. Next the rise and fall of the tide was used to float it up the North river, and land it at the foot of Ninety-sixth street, where it was moved by steam power on tracks with rollers.

The Col's revolver is probably one of the descendants of the old-style horse pistol.

## REFORM RUINED HIM.

A DERELICT ON LIFE'S STORMY OCEAN.

Famous New York Gambler Who Is Now a Pauper—Joseph Jewell Once Had Money to Burn, but Now He Wears Striped Clothes.

On Blackwell's island, arrayed in the striped uniform with which New York brands her citizens for the crime of being poor, Joseph Jewell, who once had money to burn, occupies a place.

Fifteen years ago Jewell, famous as "Gambling Joe," could afford to lose \$5,000 at a single game of poker. Today, the sum total of all he expects from the world is a clean plate to die. Jewell is the son of a distinguished family. His cousin, Marshall Jewell, was postmaster general under Grant.

Fifteen years ago Jewell, famous as "Gambling Joe," could afford to lose \$5,000 at a single game of poker. Today, the sum total of all he expects from the world is a clean plate to die. Jewell is the son of a distinguished family. His cousin, Marshall Jewell, was postmaster general under Grant.

Why is it that Lieutenant Ragsley never mentions his war experience? Do you suppose he showed the white feather or did something else that he wants to keep quiet? "Oh, he was a hero, but he doesn't want the people to find out about it. He's afraid they'll make a fuss over him, and he hates anything of that kind. But the fact is, he held one of those war correspondent's notes while the latter rushed up to a fort that was full of Spaniards and compelled them to surrender."

Another Language. Judge Lakefront—I fail